

Forever And A Day

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Summary: "I promise you, Alecto." He placed a quick, but firm kiss on her cheekbone. "I promise you forever," he paused, and his eyes sparkled as he added, "and a day." Written for Round 1 of Season 4 of the Quidditch League Fanfiction Competition as Chaser 3.

Forever And A Day

Disclaimer: I do not own any aspects of Harry Potter in any way, shape, or form. Do you think Sirius Black would have died if I did?!

Written for Round 1 of The Quidditch League Fanfiction Competition as Chaser 3 of the Chudley Cannons.

CHASER 3: Write about your chosen Death Eater being at school.

Prompts:

1. (song) 'Figure 8' by Ellie Goulding

5. (word) Espresso

>11. (song) 'Graduation' by Vitamin C<p>

The rest of the Challenges and Competitions are written at the bottom. Formalities. There's only one.

Word Count: 1788

* * *

><p>She wasn't sure which was sweeter, the heavy smoke seeping into her lungs or the feeling of his lips on hers, both gentle and possessive all at once. The kiss was very much like him wasn't it?

Passionate and caring. Pain and pleasure. Love and lust. He was a paradox, and she loved him for it.<p>

Her shadowed eyelids fluttered shut as he curved a calloused hand around her slim shoulders, pulling her in so she was flushed against him as he deepened the kiss. She groaned softly, digging her jagged nails, painted a beautiful Slytherin green, into his exposed neck.

He hummed in agreement, wrapping his arms around her waist, and without a single hint of any strain or hesitation, pulled her into his lap. "James," she gasped, her chest heaving as she moved her head back so that she could speak. His kisses were like seeing the angels of heaven despite being trapped in the abyss of hell. She needed him more than she could take, and sometimes, she had to stop herself before she fell. It was better to fall when the ground is still in sight than to wait until it disappeared behind the clouds.

Amusement glimmered in his eyes as he leant back onto the leather car seat. He reached for the packet of cigarettes shoved roughly into the glove compartment during their frantic, lustful collision. A frown marred his features as he flipped open the packet, only to find it empty.

"Merlin," he swore softly. "I thought I told Sirius to buy more when he went to visit that muggle girl last week."

She laughed, leaning her head back to rest on the car seat, hoping the additional balance would sooth her throbbing migraine. "Here," she raised her own cigarette and felt her heart soar as he grinned at her.

He grabbed her hand, smiling widely as he tugged the smoking tobacco to his lips and took a long drag. He exhaled, the thick coiling smoke wafting into her face. She closed her eyes and parted her lips, breathing in the scent that burned her lungs but at the same time brought her so much ecstasy that it felt like she was breathing in Amortentia. Truth be told, it was one of the scents that rose from the spiralling stream of the gleaming golden potion whenever she brewed it. (Once during class, and thrice after out of curiosity.) The other scent was sitting beside her on the right, his hair ruffled and messy and his glasses askew.

"So."

"Let me guess, you either have a philosophical quote that you memorized from that Prefect friend of yours, Lupin, was it? Or you're going to tell me another one of your 'absolutely brilliant' pranks that will surely backfire and land you in detention with McGonagall." She paused, and then added as an afterthought, "again."

James smirked, leaning his head into the crook of her neck as he played absently with her painted nails. "Neither, actually. Although you do know me well."

"Of course I do. You're so expressive; I think there was a muggle word for it â€" espresso?"

"That's a drink."

"Bloody hell."

He laughed, and then suddenly became quiet. "I'm going to be serious for a second though," James said, sitting up and correcting his skewed glasses. She froze, and frowned when she realized he wasn't joking. "Well, don't be Sirius. He's an idiot."

Her attempt to lighten the situation worked to a degree and a warm feeling enveloped her as he laughed, throwing his head back and running a hand through his untidy, tangled black hair.

They lapsed into easy conversation, jabbing at each other with witty jokes and then bursting out into synchronized laughter, followed by quick kisses and intervals to finish her packet of cigarettes. They talked all night about the rest of their lives. They talked and talked and talked, about their lives and their futures and everything they could think of and more.

Whatever he was going to say was forgotten so that they could enjoy a moment where it was just them, no titles or prejudices. Just them as they enjoyed each other's company while they waited for the moon to disappear beneath the horizon and for the sun to take its place.

She stared into the blinding brightness of the sun as it peeked out from its hiding place behind the hills and mountains that made up the horizons. Crushing the end of her last cigarette, she threw the stub out of the open window; her eyes still locked on the fiery brightness of the dawn.

"Sometimes I feel like a Ravenclaw," she remarked offhandedly, her eyes still on the dazzling array of hot, blazing colours before her. He made a noise of curiosity, choosing not to reply as he continued to take in drags of his cigarette. He blew a ring of smoky grey fog her way and she smiled, shaking her head at his childish antics.

"Sometimes I feel like a Ravenclaw because I think too much. Even when I'm with you, a part of me fears . . ."

His eyes clouded like he knew what she meant. Nevertheless, he still gave her a questioning gaze. "Fears?"

"A part of me . . . fears that this means nothing to you."

He was silent as he embraced her, rubbing slow circles on her back as he sighed softly. "I'll hold on to every moment. I'll hold on to everything." Because that's what lovers are supposed to do, aren't they? Hold on to each and every moment. Hold on to everything. Just keep holding on . . .

"A part of me . . . fears that we'll be leaving this moment behind forever. That once we leave Hogwarts after this year, we won't come back and things will never be the same."

She didn't give him a chance to comfort her with his quick tongue and soothing words. "And my biggest fear is that you'll leave me."

"I promise you, Aleto." He placed a quick, but firm kiss on her cheekbone. "I promise you forever," he paused, and his eyes sparkled as he added, "and a day."

Forever and a day.

* * *

><p>"Will you still remember everything we learned after we leave Hogwarts?"<p>

"Alecto, please, I can't even remember what we learned yesterday."

"Will you still break every single rule after we leave Hogwarts?"

"Until the Head Auror fires me, yeah."

"Auror?"

"That's what I plan to be, sweetheart."

"Hmm."

"My turn to ask a question! Do you think Remus will still be that brainy after we leave Hogwarts?"

"I don't even know the bloke."

"Fine. How about Marlene? Do you think she'll ever find a job that doesn't interfere with her tan or her makeup?"

"Not likely."

They both laughed.

"Do you think that Lily girl will still be as prissy and shallow as she is now?"

She expected him to laugh, to grin, to make a funny quip, to do anything but frown and open the door to the car.

Maybe it's a joke. She plastered a smile on her face, leaning out of the open car window. "What's wrong, James?"

His eyes, usually so full of mirth, clouded over as he avoided her gaze. "I can't do this anymore, Alecto."

Her smile disappeared in a flash. No. Lovers hold on to everything. Just keep holding on to everything. He. Is. Mine. "What?" she replied slowly, ignoring the harsh bite in her tone and reveling in the way he flinched. Serves him right, playing such a cruel prank. Yes, prank. It's just a prank.

He sighed and took a step back. "Look, Alecto, it's been funâ€"

"Fun?" She snarled, yanking open the door of the car with such force the hinges screeched in protest. "Fun?!"

He seemed to immediately understand his mistake. "Alecto, just . . . just let me explain."

Her eyes narrowed as her hand reached for her wand, wrapping her fingers around the smooth wood and sighing softly because of the familiar feeling.

"We both know that we're moving so fast, and, for a while, we couldn't slow down. It isn't going to work out, Alecto. This war is too stressful and everyone is suspicious of each other, especially the Slytherins."

Her lips twisted into something akin to a disgusted snarl. "So you're leaving me because I'm a Slytherin?"

He ignored her sharp jab. "We jumped into this relationship too quickly; it's like we're both just trying to escape the real world. I didn't know much about love, and I'm really sorry Alecto . . . but it's not you. Lily and Iâ€œ"

"I knew it," she spat taking a step forwards towards him, her wand raised.

"Alecto," he hesitated, running a hand through his windblown hair as he corrected his glasses and sighed. "I'm sorry, I really am, okay? Merlin, this is hard. Alecto, I hope we can remain friends, Lily and I talked, and we were wondering if you wanted to go to our wedding after we graduate Hogwarts?"

Her control, which she had held back with thin, fractured calmness, shattered. "You break up with me, throwing away everything we've had for the last three years, after I find out you cheated on me with that disgusting mudblood. You dragged me into the utterly repulsive mudblood world and told me to 'explore' it and 'have fun' and made me try all these sickening things and act all muggle-like. You told me you love me. You said you'll never. Ever. Leave. Me. And now here you are, inviting me to your bloody wedding with a mudblood."

She raised her wand, the vilest of curses on her lips, when she looked into his eyes and remembered.

Remembered that night in June when he held her and kissed her and made her feel loved.

Remembered that time they passed through the crowded hallways of Hogwarts and he grabbed her hand and squeezed it tightly before walking off.

Remembered all the times they snuck out during the middle of the night and sat down by the Black Lake and created beautiful illusions for themselves like they had down last night.

Her hand trembled as she lowered her wand, tears welling in her eyes. "I hope you die, James Potter. I hope you and your filthy mudblood get what you deserve." She spun around and ran. Just keep running. Ignore his words. Ignore what happened. Ignore the world.

Dimly, she could hear him cast a spell to dissolve the illusion of a muggle car they had created with magic, their normal paradise in the cruel, cruel, magical world.

You promise forever and a day,

And then you take it all away.

* * *

><p>Character Trope Challenge:<p>

THE FERVOUR. someone who experiences intense emotions and feelings

End
file.